be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Be. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for all Messina as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Bene. What my deere lady Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Bea. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my dog barke at a crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke, I knowe you of olde.

Pedro That is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine vs longer, I dare sweare he is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bidde you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn I thanke you, I am not of many wordes, but I thanke yor

Leon.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro Your hand Leonato, we will go together.

Exeunt. Manent Benedicke & Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of Signio

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her, (Leonato

Clau. Is she not a modest yong ladie?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speak after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claudio No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shees too low for a hie praise too browne for a faire praise, and too litle for a great praise, or lie this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee othe then she is, she were vnhansome, and being no other, but as sh is, I do not like her.

Claudio Thou thinkest I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truelie how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her that you enquier after her?

Claudio Can the world buie such a iewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to putte it into, but speake you thi with a sad brow? or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell v Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claudio In mine eie, shee is the sweetest Ladie that euer lookt on.

Bened. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no suc matter: theres her cosin, and she were not possest with a fury exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie dooth th last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne hus band, haue you?

Claudio I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworn the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the worlde on man but he will weare his cappe with suspition? shall I neue see a batcheller of three score againe? go to yfaith, and thou wil needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, an sigh away sundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to seeke you

Ent